Rexbury, May 8, 1873.

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My dear Wendell:

I send for your perusal the last letter received from Fanny. Her statement as to Harry's condition is afflicting. The doctors either do not understand his case, or know not how to treat it successfully, or else ~~that~~ it is incurable. The last, I fear, is the fact. The numbness, to which Fanny refers, may be premonitory of another paralytic attack. I should think he would be driven to desperation by the horrible noises in his head, from which he does not seem to get even temporary relief. I think it will be a good move for them to pass the summer in Switzerland; for, should they remain in Heidelberg, their hospitality would inevitably be severely ~~taxed~~ by the immense number of American visitors going to or coming from Vienna visiting that place.

Fanny enticingly suggests the desirableness of my going over to spend the summer with them as a means of building up my health. Of course, that is wholly out of the question, even if I were able to go; for it would be cruel for me to leave your mother, though she (with her characteristic self-abnegation) favors the suggestion. But, instead of crossing the Atlantic, I think it is questionable whether I shall have the free use of my legs this summer at home; for my lameness is rather worse than better, and it keeps me a prisoner. It was a rash act, on my part, in going to the Riverside festive occasion, and I have had to pay the penalty for it. As Julia Randall is coming next week to spend some time with your mother, I shall probably go to Providence, and see whether Dr. Dow or Dr. Sweet can do anything for me; for I long to be upon my feet again.

We have invited Rev. Henry Bleby (formerly of Barbadoes) and his daughter to spend a few days with us, and they are now under our roof. He is a most estimable man, and a veteran West India abolitionist. Perhaps you may remember him, as doubtless Mr. McKim does. He is shortly to embark for England.

Our dear and venerated friend Sarah M. Grimké is coming this afternoon, and will probably spend a week with us; so we shall not lack for company.

Your mother is, on the whole, much better than she was a few weeks ago. She has been steadily improving ever since she has taken Radway's Sarsaparillian and Ready Relief. "Praise the bridge that carries you safely over," no matter how or by whom constructed. May the improvement have no drawback!

Our attention was called to the sad railway accident (before your letter was received) on the Grand Trunk R.R., involving George Thumber among others who were badly injured. We have neither seen nor heard any further particulars, but shall probably receive a letter from his wife in a few days, apprising us of his condition and the situation of his family. He had been quite intemperate, but we have understood that he had reformed.

We are always glad to hear about your dear boys. Enclosed is a trifle for Lloyd, with reference to his sixth birthday anniversary, with grandpapa's best wishes. Love to Lucy and father and mother. We are lonely hoping for pleasant intelligence from the Park. "Three times three make nine!"

I am glad you are collecting stereoscopic views, and will come on to see you all when I can walk without limping. Your loving Father.